THE

Tragicall Hiſtorie of HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakeſpeare. (who with some errors not to be avowed in that age, had undoubtedly a larger soule of poesie then any of our nation) was the first who hath shewn ye pain, & continuall Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. rhyming in that kinde of writing which we call blanke verse, but ye former more properly Prose measured: into which the English tongue so naturally falls.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in
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The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Franciſco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHoſe there?
Fran. Nay anſwere me. Stand and vnfolde your ſelfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Franciſco,*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farwell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſaies tis but our fantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weaſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholler, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maieſtie of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march, by heauen I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.

Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge thee ſpeake. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Ber. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this ſomthing more then phantaſie?
What thinke you-on?
Hora. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the ſencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall ſtauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrikt and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubiect of the land,
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe ſore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who iſt that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo; our laſt King,
Whoſe image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had he bin vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the article deſſeigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a liſt of laweleſſe reſolutes
For foode and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſt haſt and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enſo;
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennatleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets
As ſtarres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Diſaſters in the ſunne; and the moiſt ſtarre,
Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empier ſtands,
Was ſicke almoſt to doomeſday with eclipſe.
And euen the like precurſe of feare euents
As harbindgers preceading ſtill the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee: ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads his armes.*
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death. *The cocke crowes.*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.*

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull ſummons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preſent obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſturre abraode
The nights are wholſome, then no planners ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So hallowed, and ſo gratious is that time.
Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eaſtward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for yppon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alijs.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Siſter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall ſcale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſioynt, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peſtur vs with meſſage

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhowe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voyce; what wold'ſt thou begge *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the hart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To ſhowe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius*?

Polo. Hath my Lord wroung from me my ſlowe leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.
King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duſt,
Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt die,
Paſsing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
Quee. If it be
VVhy ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor cuſtomary ſuites of ſolembe blacke
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the viſage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, theſe indeede ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.
King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father
But you muſt knowe your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowe, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold
For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to ſchoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrogard to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, coſin, and our ſonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes ſhall tell,
And the Kings rowſe the heauen ſhall brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Floriſh.* *Exeunt all,*

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to ſeede, things rancke and groſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestious sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppresst and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secresie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knewe your father,

Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,
But anſwere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. Tis very ſtrange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our durie
To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then ſawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, ſtayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. His beard was griſſl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe
Ile visite you.
All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature crescent does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

His

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to believe it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your hart, or your chast treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
" The chariest maide is prodigall inough
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
" Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
" The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of daliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? aboord, aboord for shame,

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtayed for, there my bleſsing with thee,
And theſe fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can by,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Or of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of huſbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt followe as the night the day
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man:
Farwell, my bleſsing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inueſts you goe, your ſeruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſayd to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*

Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountious;

If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo clearely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle
Vnſifted in ſuch perrilous circumſtance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay
Which are not ſterling, tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, ſprings to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not take for fire, from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue ſo much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhowe
But meere imploratotors of vnholy ſuites
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moment leaſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelſe.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.
Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A floriſh of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*
Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowſe,
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggring vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Renniſh downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt;
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauy headed reueale eaſt and weſt
Makes vs traduſt, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandle.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs:
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô anſwere mee,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe? *Beckins.*

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what ſhould be the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,

And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.
Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrable forme
Which might depriue your ſoueraigntie of reaſon,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadoms to the ſea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagion.
Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmarke.
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrus and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, ô liſt!
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my propheticke ſoule! my Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter barckt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnhuzled, diſappointed, vnaneled,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To prick and ſting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And ſhall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my ſinnowes, growe not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſawes of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen,
O moſt pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine,
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue ſworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ſt my noble Lord?
Hora. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needes no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſines and deſire ſhall poynt you,
For euery man hath buſines and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt that let me tell you,
For your deſire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremaſtret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſchollers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What i'ſt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

Ham. Vppon my ſword.
Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeede vppon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.
Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene
Sweare by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic, & vbique*, then weele ſhift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Sweare by my ſword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.
Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſayd olde Mole, can'ſt worke i'th earth ſo faſt,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philoſophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt needs helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit: ſo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and frending to you
God willing ſhall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô curſed ſpight
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and theſe notes *Reynaldo:*
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall doe meruiles wiſely good *Reynaldo,*
Before you viſite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well ſaid, very well ſaid; looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompaſment, and drift of queſtion
That they doe know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranck
As may diſhonour him, take heede of that,
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addistion
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Rey. I ſhall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had been looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it, long ſtayd he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſd a ſigh ſo pittious and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulder turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie fordoos it ſelfe,
And leades the will to deſperat vndertakings
As oft as any paſsions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am ſorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His acceſſe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrow my Ielouſie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which beeing kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter King and Queene, Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencraus*, and *Guyldenſterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.
Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Maieſties
Might by the ſoueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.
Guyl. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our ſelues in the full bent,
To lay our ſeruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.
King. Thanks *Roſencraus*, and gentle *Guyldenſterne.*
Quee. Thanks *Guyldenſterne*, and gentle *Roſencraus.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſite
My too much changed ſonne, goe ſome of you
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embaſſadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my durie as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath vſd to doe, that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*
Pol. This busines is well ended.

My

My Liege and Maddam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſnes the lymmes and outward floriſhes,
I will be briefe, your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to recken my grones, but that I loue thee beſt, ô moſt beſt belieue it, adew.
Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me, (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtris thus I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſtar,
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from her reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, ſhe tooke the fruites of my aduiſe:
And he repell'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadnes, then into a faſt,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declenſion,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it proou'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwiſe;
If circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At ſuch a time, Ile looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon
Let me be no aſsiſtant for a ſtate
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beſeech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him preſently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt my Lord.

Ham. I ſir to be honeſt as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thouſand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the ſunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſsing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a bleſsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that, ſtill harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at firſt, a ſayd I was a Fiſhmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders ſir; for the ſatericall rogue ſayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

tifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potentlie beleeue, yet I hold it not honeſty to haue it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneſſe hits on, which reaſon and ſanctity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guylderſterne, and Roſencraus.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooſt thou *Guylderſterne*? A *Roſencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap. We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a ſtrumpet, What newes?

Roſ. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure*?

Roſ. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not ſent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guy. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour. I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smilling, you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you service.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, Historie, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene

indeuidible

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladiship is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefely loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirrus* like Th'ircanian

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose
sable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pirrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good (discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his Armor forg'd for proose eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall ſinod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Biſon* rehume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounſt;
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband limmes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And paſsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone. Good my Lord will you ſee the players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, & who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honor and dignity, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; doſt thou

heare

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord,

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elsenoure*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue: he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To make oppreſsion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould a fatted all the region kytes
With this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleſſe villaine.
Why what an Aſſe am I, this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drabbe; a ſtallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ: Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Roſ. He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe, a will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſsion

Of his true ſtate.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demaunds
Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Maddam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Maieſties
To heare and ſee the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'le ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious ſo pleaſe you,

We will beſtow our ſelues; reade on this booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar ore
The deuill himſelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them, to die to ſleepe
No more, and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation
Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamitie of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd country, from whoſe borne

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerse
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so enocutat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners, I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaſt as yce, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wiſe men knowe well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig & amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married alreadie, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the honny of his muſickt vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bells iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacie, ô woe is mee
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet it downe: he ſhall with ſpeede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
You needе not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, ô it offends mee to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellowe

tere a paſſion to totters, to very rags, to ſpleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhowes, and noyſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne diſcretion be your tutor, ſute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſtie of nature: For any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature; ſcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue ſeene play, and heard others prayſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine ſpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered, that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, & Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two:*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iuſt a man
As ere my conuerſation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and clothe thee, why ſhould the poore be flatterd?
No, let the candied tongue licke abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; dooſt thou heare,
Since my deare ſoule was miſtris of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
S'hath ſeald thee for herſelfe, for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffring all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſsions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a sute of sables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ere ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly so,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first. *Ham.* That's wormwood
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderat ſeaſon els no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blaſted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life vſurps immediatly.

Ham. A poyſons him i'th Garden for his eſtate, his names *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the ſtrooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For ſome muſt watch while ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this ſir & a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dooſt know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme diſmantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosentraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisedome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper, you do ſurely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauncement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſsion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes, the prouerbe is ſomething muſty, ô the Recorders, let mee ſee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderſtand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; gouerne theſe ventages with your fingers, & the vmber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſique, looke you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the hart of my miſtery, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what inſtrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would ſpeake with you, & preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder clowd that's almoſt in ſhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.
Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.
Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose though spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Each ſmall annexment petty conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Roſ. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'letax him home,
And as you ſayd, and wiſely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong entent,
And like a man to double buſines bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweete Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnowe, whereto ſerues mercy
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My fault is paſt, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ſerue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may ſhowe by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what reſts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, ô boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make aſſay,
Bowe ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteale,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſond for his paſſage?
No.
Vp ſword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't,

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtaies,
This phiſick but prolongs thy ſickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreend and ſtood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anſwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You goe not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am ſlaine.

Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almoſt as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie is ſome danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penitrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue not braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, ô ſuch a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoule, and ſweet religion makes
A rapſedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought ſick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares ſo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſsing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cosund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelfe the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.
Ger. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alas hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time and paſsion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, ô ſay.
Ghoſt. Doe not forget, this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits,
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting ſoule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alas how i'ſt with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe,
Foorth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſouldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and ſtand an end, ô gentle ſonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioynd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitious action you conuert
My ſtearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſicke, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene, confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſines
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſsing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleaſd it ſo

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Eenter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Guyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Ger. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet?*

Ger. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene ſo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

The ſunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deede
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and skill *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Both countenaunce and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out, ſpeake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our Name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, ô come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, and others:

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoft, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duſt whereto tis kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile & not mine owne, beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replycation ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers doe the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperat growne,
By deſpèrat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Roſ. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Poloniu?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our ſelues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. VVhat dooſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a progreſſe

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thrre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees thē, but come for *England,*
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And *England,* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet,* doe it *England,*
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,

And thou muſt cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army ouer the ſtage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promiſd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maieſtie would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencrans, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How purpoſd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commaunds them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortenbraſſe.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontire?

Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already gariſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules, & twenty thouſand duckets
VVill not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'Impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and ſhowes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap. God buy you ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,

And ſpur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnvſd, now whether it be
Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wiſedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inviſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
When honour's at the ſtake, how ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtaind,
Excytements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diſtract, her moode will needes be pitied.

Quee.

Quee. What would ſhe haue?

Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhee may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ſicke ſoule, as ſinnes true nature is,
'Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
'So full of artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpylt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maieſtie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *Shee ſings.*

Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a graſgreene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountaine ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue ſhowers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and dond his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, Before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers.) So would I a done by yonder ſunne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpyes,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne inſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,

And

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore.
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt
Eates not the flats with more impitious haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſt vnſmirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo gyant like?

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt deuill,
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſlay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them ſo well,
They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ſt writ in your reuenge,
That ſoopſtake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looſer.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,
And am moſt ſencibly in griefe for it,
It ſhall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. *A noyſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyſe is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeauen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be payd with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere mayd, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faſte on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maiſters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Roſemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a differenee, there's a Daſie. I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and of all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophe ſword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came frō th'Embaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhyp, ſo I alone became theyr priſoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to [illegible] a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and [illegible] thou to me with as much ſpeede as thou wouldeſt flie death, [illegible]ordes to ſpeake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene;
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine returne.
King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?
Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.
King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accedent.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of ſince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiedge.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weares
Then ſetled age, his ſables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months ſince
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they can well on horſebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous doeing brought his horſe,
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman waſt?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord.*
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſsion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cride out t'would be a ſight indeed

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppoſd them; ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We ſhould doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this ſhould is like a ſpend thrifts ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To ſhowe your ſelfe indeede your fathers ſonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuariſe,
Reuendge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous and free from all contriuing,

Will

Will not peruſe the foyles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chaunce eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noyſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow; your Siſters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brooke
That ſhowes his horry leaues in the glaſſy ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſtique garlands did ſhe make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daiſes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

Clambring to hang, an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himſelfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'ſt, Crowners queſt law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould haue been buried out a chriſtian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou ſayſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thẽſelues, more then theyr euen Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profeſsion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the firſt that euer bore Armes.
Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds ſtronger then eyther the Maſon, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thouſand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thoſe that do ill, nowe thou dooſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull aſſe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a graue-maker, the houſes hee makes laſts till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a ſoope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making.

Hora. Cuſtome hath made it in him a propertie of eaſines.

Ham. Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier ſence

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the firſt murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this aſſe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay good morrow ſweet lord, how dooſt thou ſweet lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my lord ſuch a ones horſe when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een ſo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maſſene with a Sextens ſpade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade, *Song.*
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his caſes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he ſuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the ſconce with a durtie ſhouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his ands will ſcarcely lye in this box, & muſt th'inheritor himſelfe haue re, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of ſheepe-skinnes?

Hora.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which ſeeke out aſſurance in that, I wil ſpeak to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lie out ont ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooſt lie in't to be in't & ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant coms ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laſt king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraſſe.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and ſent into *England.*

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be ſeene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexton here, man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gambols, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hor. T were to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

they not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Ceſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.
Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.
Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Doct. Her obſequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified been lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.
Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.
Laer. O treble woe

Fall

Fall tenne times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an emphaſis, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a ſunder.
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile do't, dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Cindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

Make Oſſa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other,
You doe remember all the circumſtance,
Hora. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleepe, my thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo, raſhly,
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that ſhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſsion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſsible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſsion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſsion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I,good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcribd it, gau't th'impreſsion, plac'd it ſafely,

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cusnage, i'st not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.
Doost know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it sir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beliéue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very sully and hot, or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as 'twere I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie unto you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith. Sir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent

excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhowing: indeede to ſpeake ſellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would doſie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in reſpect of his quick ſaile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a ſoule of great article, & his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixion of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy ſir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Iſt not poſsible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will too't ſir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well ſir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wagerd with him ſix Barbary horſes, againſt the which hee has impaund as I take it ſix French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſsignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done

done.

Cour. The carriage ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, ſix Barbry horſes againſt ſix French ſwords their aſsignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath layd ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what floriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hiſty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young Oſtricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure, if his fitnes ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer prouided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a sore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loose, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Osricke*, cosin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Osr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice shall he throwe
Richer then that which foure succesiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets the while.*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Florish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your best violence
I'm sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ost. Look to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ost. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Ostrick*,

I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art ſlaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to riſe againe, thy mother's poyſned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heare thou inceſtious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poyſon temperd by himſelfe,
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell ſergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe a right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hora. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet ſome liquer left.
Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile haue't:

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy hart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortenbraſſe* with conqueſt come from Poland,
To th'embaſſadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophecie th'election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night ſweete Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

For. Where is this ſight?
Hora. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrook?
Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Ham. Not from his mouth
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloody queſtion

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me, with ſorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voyce will drawe no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The ſouldiers muſicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the ſouldiers ſhoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.